



INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

There is a mine of truth in the reply of Red Jacket, when called a warrior: 'A Warrior!' said he 'I am an orator—I was born an orator.' No where can be found a poetic thought clothed in a more captivating simplicity of expression, than in the answer of Pecumsult to Gov. Harrison, in the conference at Vincennes. It contains a high moral rebuke, and a sarcasm heightened in effect by an evident consciousness of loftiness above the reach of insult. At the close of his address he found no chair had been placed for him, a neglect which Gov. Harrison ordered to be remedied as soon as discovered. Suspecting, perhaps, that it was more an affront than in a mistake, with an air of dignity elevated almost to haughtiness, declined the seat offered with the words, 'Your father requests you to take a chair,' and answered, as he calmly disposed himself on the ground, 'My father?—The sun is my father and the earth is my mother. I will repose on her bosom.'

'You have arms,' said a Seminole chief lately to Gen. Clinch, 'and so have we; you have powder and lead, and so have we; your men will fight and so will ours till the last drop of the Seminoles blood has moistened his hunting ground.'

Red Jacket's graphic description of the fraud which has purloined their territory, and shame mingles somewhat with our pity.

'Brothers, at the treaties held for the purchase of our land, the white men with sweet voices and smiling faces, told us they loved us, and that they would not cheat us but when we go on the other side of the lake the king's children tell us your people cheat us. These things puzzle our heads and we believe that the Indians must take care of themselves and not trust either in your people or in the king's children. Brothers, our seats were once large and yours very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets.' True, and soon their graves will be all they shall retain of their once ample hunting grounds. Their strength is wasted, their countless warriors dead, their forests laid low, and their burial places upturned by the ploughshare. There was a time when the war city of a Powhattan, a Delaware or an Abenaguis, struck terror to the heart of a pale face and now the Seminole is singing his last battle-song.

Some of the speeches of Shennadoah, a celebrated Oneida chief, contain the truest touches of natural eloquence. He lived to a great age; and in his last oration in council, he opened with the following beautiful and sublime sentence: 'Brothers,—I am an aged hemlock. The wind of an hundred years have whistled through my branches and I am dead at the top.' Every reader, who has seen a tall hemlock, with a dry and leafless top surmounting its dark green foliage, will feel the force of the simile.—'I am dead at the top.' His memory, and the vigorous powers of youth had departed forever.

Not less felicitous was the close of a speech made by Pushmataha, a venerable chief of a western tribe, at a council held we believe in Washington, many years since. In alluding to his extreme old age and to the probability that he might not even survive the journey back to his tribe he said: 'My children will walk through the forests, and the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring up in the trails—Pushmataha will hear not—he will see the flowers no more. He will be gone. His people will know that he is dead. The news will come to their ears, as the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.'

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

In 1747, a man was broke alive on the wheel at Orleans for a highway robbery! and not having friends to bury his body, when the executioner supposed he was dead he gave him to a surgeon who carried him to an anatomical theatre as a subject to lecture on. The thighs, legs and arms of this unhappy wretch had been broken, yet, on the surgeon's coming to examine him he found him surviving and by proper application of proper cordials, he was soon brought to his speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled that his thighs and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and the loss of blood he recovered, and in this situation, the surgeon by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart 55 leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His situation on the road side close by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited

compassion from all who saw him. In his youth he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier who had lost his limbs by cannon shot.

A drover returning from market where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity, and being moved by compassion threw him a piece of silver. 'Alas!' says the robber, 'I cannot reach it; you see I have neither arms nor legs, (for he had concealed his arm which had been preserved, behind his back,) so for the sake of heaven put your charitable donation into my pouch, and the Lord bless you.'

The drover approached him, and as he stooped to reach up the money, the sun shining he saw a shadow on the ground which caused him to look up, when he saw the arm of the beggar elevated above his head, and grasping a short iron bar. He arrested the blow in its descent, and seizing the robber carried him to his cart, into which he threw him and drove off to the next town which was very near and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him, a whistle was found in his pocket, which naturally induced a suspicion that he had accomplices in the wood; the magistrate therefore instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized, and they arrived within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud; and another whistle was heard under ground, three men at the same instant rising in the midst of a bushy clump of brambles and other dwarf shrubs the soldiers fired on them and they fell. The bushes were searched and a descent discovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of servants; and the boy, scarcely twelve years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls, in giving evidence, deposed that they had lived near three years in the cave, had been kept there by force from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped and buried; and that the old soldier was carried out every day and set by the road side for two or three hours.

On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained it was to be broken in several places and a finishing stroke being denied, he lived in torture for near five days.—When dead his body was burned to ashes and strewed before the wind.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The Hague Journal contains the following horrible event that has lately occurred at Deux Points:

Nine years ago, a young man living as servant in the family of Adam Kettering at Harnersburg, became enamored of a daughter of his master, and found in Lisette return of affection. The parents, however treated him with harshness, and turned him out of doors. Shortly after, a rumor was spread in the village, that the young man and Lisette had eloped; the father insinuated that they had gone to America, and the report was believed. Nine years passed away in this manner; but, sometime ago the village watchman announced to the burgomaster, that having been seated during the night at the door of Kettering's house, he had heard groans and sighs proceeding from the cellar, and had deemed it his duty to inform the proper officer of the circumstance. The burgomaster, in whose mind the intelligence awakened a suspicion, against which he had been struggling for more than a year, ordered the watchman to keep strict silence on the subject, and gave notice to the superior authorities of the circumstance, and of his own suspicions. Measures were immediately taken, the house of Kettering was surrounded by gendarmes, and himself arrested. The agents of justice then descended to the cellar, and to their horror, found that the groans proceeded from a kind of cupboard, formed of strong planks. The cupboard was opened, a fetid odor came from it, and a frightful object was seen—a person naked, covered with filth, crouching in a corner, and hardly showing any sign of life. It was Lisette, Kettering's daughter, who had been shut up for nine years in the tomb by her inhuman parents. Here this unfortunate creature had been kept like an animal upon coarse food, and the monster of a father, afraid to kill his daughter, had left her to perish gradually. The misshapen being who was thus discovered had only a few remains of her chemise about her neck, of all the clothes she had on, when first shut up. She was half brutalized, and in a dreadful state of exhaustion; she no longer knew how to speak and the words died on her lips. Proper care however having been taken of her, her mind and body began to recover, her

memory began to return, and she is now in a fair way of being re-established. The question now is, since the girl is here, where is her lover? Every atrocity may be expected to have been committed by such parents; and it is generally supposed that the young man was assassinated before the eyes of his mistress, and that she, as a witness of this crime, was shut up in her tomb. The assizes will soon clear up the mystery.

A Curiosity.—A friend has handed us the following, being an advertisement inserted by Lord Timothy Dexter, who formerly lived in Newburyport, in honor of the newspapers of that place. The collection of adjectives is very amusing, and the document as a whole cannot but create a deal of merriment.

Whereas I, Lord Timothy Dexter, having been truly informed that several audacious, atrocious, nefarious, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden violating, peach stealing rascals, all the spawn of the devil, and rogues and cubs of Satan, do frequently, villainously, and burglariously assemble themselves together in my garden, therein piping, fighting, swearing, roguing, duck-egg hunting, with many other shameful & illicit acts which the modesty of my pen cannot express. This is to give ye all notice, Capinicians, Talamunarians, base-born scoundrels, and old rascals, of whatever nation you may be, return ye my fruit and property, or, by the Gods, the heathen Gods, I swear, I will send my son Sam to Babylon, for bloodhounds fiercer than tigers, and fleetier than the winds; and mounted on my noted horse Lilly, with my cutting sabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, until I can inter you in a cavern under a great tree in Newfoundland, where Beelzebub himself can never find you.

Hear! ye tatterdemallions, thieves, vagabonds, lank-jawed, herring-gutted, & tumbellied plebeians, that if ye, or any of ye, dare set your feet in my house or garden, I will deliver you to Charon, who will ferry you across the River Styx, and deliver you to the Royal Arch Devil Lucifer, and the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be drenched with the sulphur of Caucasus, and roasted forever before the ever-burning crater of Etna.

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.
Boston Paper.

Another Negro murderer burnt by a slow fire.—The New Orleans paper of the 8th June, contains the following details of a recent horrid tragedy near Grand Gulf, Mississippi:

On Saturday evening, the 4th inst., Mr. W. Green, a highly respectable citizen, residing within one mile of Grand Gulf, after retiring to bed was awakened by a screaming of one of his negro women in the yard; he immediately got up to ascertain what was the matter, when, to his astonishment, he beheld a negro man cutting and stabbing the poor wretch in a shocking manner, with a large bowie knife. Mr. G. immediately ran to arrest his arm, but he had not proceeded within four yards of him when he drew forth a pistol and fired it at Mr. Green, but without effect. The diabolical fiend, perceiving that his shot did not take effect, desisted from his horrid butchery of the woman, and rushed upon the defenceless Mr. Green, inflicting no less than seventeen dreadful wounds on the unfortunate man. Not yet glutted with blood, he cut out his heart and placed in his hand (!!) The black fiend was soon arrested, and on an assemblage of the citizens the next morning, they determined to burn him! He was accordingly chained to a post, when a slow fire was kindled by some of his fellow slaves, and he was literally roasted to death.—It being more than half an hour from the time the fire was kindled, until he expired!

EXTRACT.

The comparison instituted in the annexed extract is striking and original.

Before crossing the Tweed, and while yet on Scottish ground, I wish to drop one thought which I have carried more than seven years, I believe, without ever finding the proverb to avail me at all. And this is on the striking resemblance between the character of Scotland and of New England. The energy and vehemence of the Scottish character, the *perfidium ingentium* Scotland, is universally acknowledged. *Fier comme un Ecossais*, is a proverb. And yet the Scotch are accounted a singularly wary and cautious people; reserved in manners, exact in speech, guarded in communication, and keen and close in the transaction of business. The Scotchman has the singular fortune to stand as a proverb for the most opposite qualities, and I suppose that they really exist in him. The same qualities are found in the New

England character. The Yankee—'it will not deny'—is sharp at a bargain. He is cold in manners. The deep reserve of a New-Englander boy, especially if living retired in the country, perhaps no one can understand who has not experienced it. It seems as if his heart were girded with a stronger band than any other, and certainly such is not natural or befitting to the ingenuousness of youth. I do not wonder that the result of a cursory observation has been, to pronounce the New Englander a being to whom 'nature has given a double portion of brains and half a heart.' And yet nothing could be more untrue. The whole history of the people proves this, from the Landing at Plymouth to this hour. Every species of enterprise, political, commercial, literary, religious, has been developed in New England to a degree, I am inclined to think, unprecedented in the world. All America is filled with the proofs of it. And private life in New England will exhibit the same character to all who become intimate with it. The two races whom I am comparing have also had the same fate of general misconception and obprobrium. The Scot is regarded, on the South side of the Tweed, very much as the Yankee is South of the Hudson I will not enquire the causes of this; but it certainly seems a very hard case on either hand. A people in both instances, industrious, virtuous, religious, almost beyond example—carrying popular education to a point of improvement altogether unexampled in the world, till the Prussian system appeared—and furnishing far more than their respective quotas to the noblest literature of their respective countries—would seem to have deserved more respect than has been awarded to Scotland and New England.

EXTINGUISHING FIRES.

[We have received the following ingenious article from a much valued friend in Halifax. It appeared originally in the 'Recorder' of that place, and is the production of a self-taught philosopher, who, like our basket Maker, owes his fame to his genius, rather than to friends or early education.]

Extinguishing and preventing Fires.—As it frequently happens, that a fire which proves very destructive to property, might have been checked at its commencement, by an additional engine or two, it should be generally known that there are several substances which will greatly increase the extinguishing power of water, that may always be procured in every town, even in the time of a fire. When clean water is thrown upon wood exposed to a strong heat, it is very quickly evaporated, and the wood is as easily set on fire as ever, but if a portion of clay is mixed with the water, a coat will be left upon the wood, which will make it impossible for a small spark to kindle it. From the experiments made in Sweden in the year 1793, by Van Alon and Nystroem, it appears that strong solutions of Alum, Copperas, or common salt, mixed with the greatest quantity of clay that will leave it sufficiently fluid to be used by the engine, are equal to at least twenty times as much water, for the purpose of extinguishing fires. A house ten feet square built of dry wood, with two doors and two windows; externally and internally besmeared with tar, filled with faggots, tar, and resin, and having faggots on the roof, was set on fire at both windows; in a few minutes it was in a violent blaze. A mixture in water of equal parts of clay, copperas and salt, (the clay and copperas first dried and powdered) was then applied on it with a little engine which threw water only twenty feet, and had an orifice to the spout of a quarter of an inch. In six minutes the fire was extinguished, except in the bundles of faggots, at the corner, and in some chinks. Twenty one gallons of the mixture were used.—Eighteen barrels tarred within and without in full blaze were extinguished in half a minute with a mixture of strong brine and slacked lime.—A house built of wood rendered incombustible and filled with combustible materials was set fire to, the sides appeared red hot externally, it was allowed to burn till all the combustibles were consumed, yet the house received no injury. When a fire breaks out in town, all the pickle of fish or meat that can be procured should be used, and some persons employed in making muddy water; this can be easily done in frosty weather in cellars that are not floored:—a few shovels full of earth may be thrown into a tub of water and well stirred, the stones and gravel will immediately subside, and the muddy water will be of far more value for wetting the roofs of buildings exposed to the shower of sparks than that which is clear. A number of years back in the latter end of May, after an uncommonly dry season, on a very windy day fires broke out in the woods near Halifax which burnt

up several buildings, and some miles of fence, besides killing the wood on some thousand of acres. A house and barn in Dartmouth in at least as exposed a situation, as any that were burnt, were preserved by wetting them with muddy water taken from a hole dug in red clayey soil like that on the south east side of the Citadel hill. The buildings were to leeward of, and very near to the woods; the sparks fell like a shower of snow, the inmates continued throwing muddy water over them till the hot smoke compelled them to retire to prevent suffocation; an hour elapsed before they were able to return, when they found out houses, fences, and every thing which was wood near the house burnt, but the house & barn had not been set on fire in any part.

Soapboilers Lye is nearly equal to brine for extinguishing fire. A mixture of salt and copperas dissolved has no greater effect than salt pickle alone in the first instance, but when strongly heated it will form muriatic acid, which has a powerful effect in extinguishing fire, when in a state of vapour.

Floors ought occasionally to be wet with a strong solution of alum applied boiling hot, near to the fire-place or stove, as it will render them less combustible without staining the wood like copperas, or attracting moisture like common salt, which is generally mixed with muriate of lime. In finishing a new house the boarding and mouldings above the chimney, should be soaked with a solution of copperas. The colour is here of no consequence, as these boards are always painted.

WASHINGTON, June 29.

The old Lion shakes his mane in anger relating to the *faux pas* committed by his Generals in their Indian campaigns. You must not be at all astonished if after his visit to the Hermitage, he avail himself of his constitutional privilege, and assume the command of the army in person. His 'name is a tower of strength,' neither the Seminoles nor the Creeks have forgotten his power in arms, and I have no doubt he would effect more in three weeks than the whole of the Generals put together, (always excepting Pontiac, the child of the muses and the beloved of the ball room.) The order recalling Scott is dictated in no measured terms. He orders him to leave the command with Gen. Jessup, and repair to Washington 'forthwith,' to account for his failure in Florida, and his tardy proceedings against the Creeks. He is determined that the war shall be finished at once, and hence has ordered all the regular troops left on the seaboard from Maine to Georgia to rendezvous in Florida. This looks like war in earnest, & if he would only assume the same attitude to his miserable cabinet, every member of which has for years been throwing the entire responsibility of their own acts on the shoulders of the President, we might long since have hoped for a different result in relation to the Indian friends, which have helped us into these wars, as well as many other affairs that will appear in due time. More of this anon! In the meantime, we must await the final result before we condemn.—*Respect finem* is a good motto.—*Cour. & Enq.*

CAMP HENDERSON,

West bank of the Chattahoochee, June 28.

We left Washington the 1st day of June, and in twenty-three days we were at Columbus, our place of destination, when we received orders from Gen. Scott to proceed fifteen miles down the Chattahoochee, cross into the enemy's country, and establish a camp, where we now are, erecting a temporary picket work. Our march from Augusta to Columbus was very arduous, but we accomplished it in fourteen days, a distance of 214 miles. Our officers and men are in good health and spirits, and there is but little doubt that if we have a chance some one will get fifteen hundred dollars which have been offered by the citizens of Columbus for the scalp of the notorious Jim Henry, as great a coward and rascal as ever went unscaped.

New York, July 13th.—The opinion is general, at the seat of Government and farther south, that the Creek Indian hostilities have ended. Their Chiefs are in irons, and numerous executions are threatened. Some will probably take place, though the rapacious white men who have goaded them into the war should be hung first. The residue to the number of thousands, are to be driven at the point of the bayonet from their homes and the graves of their fathers, to the far west. Never was a race of men treated worse than these noble sons of the forest have been by the most free and enlightened people on earth.

A clergyman, who had a farm, as was generally the case in our forefathers' days, went out to see one of his laborers, who

was ploughing at no great distance from his house. Honest John sat on his plough for his team had halted for a minute, when the parson came up, and observed: 'would it not be well for you to have a bush-sythe by you and trim up these bushes, while the cattle are resting themselves?' 'Why don't you take your flax into the pulpit with you and swingle upon it while they are singing?' was the reply. The clergyman laughed heartily and walked off.

THE TEXIAN QUESTION.

Had we in the Texians, a brave and injured people struggling in the land of their birth, or even of their adoption, for those abstract and social rights of mankind which were the objects of our revolution, and which we obtained and enjoy, theirs would be a cause with which angels might sympathize, and which the bolts of heaven might well be launched to aid. But is it such a cause? Deceived by misrepresentations, we were ourselves so led to consider it, in its earlier efforts; but a fair examination of facts has undeceived us, and we look in vain either for such a cause or such a people as the Texians. What are the facts?

We pledge ourselves to answer this question with a perspicuity which shall defy all future obscurity, and with a rigid adherence to truth which shall defy the most desperate efforts to refute. We have at present only room to state, in brief, that the Texian revolution was concerted by planters and slave speculators in the Southern States ever since the first permission given by the Spanish authorities to Moses Austin, of Missouri, in the year 1820, to introduce 300 families, professing the Catholic religion, as colonists of a grant of land which he obtained upon this express condition. From that time to the present moment the aggressions have been on the part of the colonists, under the sanction of the southern speculators; and not until their purpose of getting a physical force into the province which should detach it from Mexico, and make it a slave holding state, became flagrant and undisguised, had the settlers ever received ought but protection, encouragement, toleration and kindness from the Mexican government. They paid no taxes, & enjoyed their own laws & tribunals, were allowed to profess and exercise all the religions they chose, though contrary to the Mexican constitution; enjoyed all the fruits of a beautiful and bounteous soil without return or tribute to the government to which it belonged, and were, without exception the freest civilized people upon the face of the earth.—But the object of the colonizing land agents of the South was to make this prolific province their own, & the field of a new and lucrative negro slavery. To this they still tenaciously adhere; and if they can induce a strong force of our American youth to shed their blood for the unjust and avaricious cause of slavery, under the name of Texian Liberty and Independence, they will undoubtedly secure their object.—*New York Sun.*

Liberty of the Press in the United States. Two or three weeks since we observed by the Charleston papers, that the political censors of South Carolina had proscribed a work recently published by the Harpers, entitled, 'Tales of the Woods and Fields,' because one of its chapters contained something about liberty, and in opposition to slavery. To day, we learn that Hinton's admirable History of the United States, the publication of which has just been completed under the laborious and careful editorial supervision of Col. Knapp, has likewise been proscribed by these never-enough-to-be-sufficiently-laughed-at sensitive plants in the hot-bed of American republicanism. Not only so, but the Baltimore publisher, a Mr. Reid, was craven enough, the moment he heard that the work had been placed under the interdict of the Charleston censors, to hasten thither, call in the numbers, and employ a Mr. Strobel to examine and expunge all objectionable passages! He should have engaged Colonel Thomas Jupiter Tonaus Benton to perform the noble task. But he did not; the lot has devolved upon Mr. Strobel; and the Charleston papers of Saturday contain the certificate of Mr. S. that he has executed his commission of expurgation, and that the mutilated numbers have been re-printed.—We have no room to quote Mr. Strobel's certificate entire. This is part of it: 'I have performed the duty assumed, & EXPUNGED the paragraphs that were deemed offensive. They were very few in number, and contained more of lucubration than of pretended facts, such as you would suppose to emanate from a well informed mind upon a subject that it had imperfectly studied. I have examined the re-print, and find it in strict conformity with the corrections.'

Happy South Carolinians! You can now read Hinton without the danger of corrupting your own minds by lighting accidentally upon anything in favor of human rights. Like the sagacious ostrich, you may thrust your heads into the sands, and imagine that nobody sees you.

N. B. There is another work which is believed to have obtained some circulation down south, to which we would charitably direct the attention of the expurgators. It abounds in passages hostile to slavery, and in favor of liberty, and should be looked after. Among them we note the following:—

'Whoso looketh into the perfect law of LIBERTY, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a DOER of the

work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

The book in question, should the expurgators be ignorant of the fact, is called—THE BIBLE. We presume it has found its way into some of the bookstores.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A Crash.—Just after the boarders had left the breakfast table at the Central Tavern at Lockport, a few mornings since, the massive stone wall on the side next the dining room, fell in with a horrible crash, carrying with it floors, partitions, and every thing else. The walls had been undermined for the purpose of erecting another building alongside the tavern, which was the cause of the catastrophe. Luckily, all the individuals of the establishment had just left the spot, and no one was injured. If it had happened a few minutes before, it would have resulted in a great destruction of lives.—*Id.*

Murder.—A most deliberate and cold blooded murder was committed at Burlington, Wisconsin Territory, a short time ago. The circumstances are thus stated in the Alton (Ill.) Telegraph.

'A man by the name of Richardson, had entered a piece of land, which was considered valuable; so much so, that another man, (whose name our informant did not learn) attempted to wrest it from him by a second entry. After some dispute, both the parties commenced improving the land. They had proceeded in ploughing, until they came within one furrow of each other, when Richardson was warned by his opponent not to set foot upon the ground he had broken. Richardson, however, disregarded the threat and continued his work, when the monster took deliberate aim with his rifle, and shot him through the heart. Robinson expired without a groan. The populace, which soon assembled, were about to inflict summary punishment upon the murderer, and were only restrained from it by the efforts of Dr. Chester and one or two other citizens of the place. The murderer was secured, and is now awaiting his trial. The conduct of the citizens of Burlington is deservedly praiseworthy, and might be imitated to advantage by older communities.'

The praise here bestowed upon the citizens of Burlington ought rather, it would seem, to be limited to the two or three individuals whose influence restrained the fury of the rest of the mass.

Matrimony by the Dozen.—At the collegiate church of Manchester, England, 70 couples were united in matrimony in one day, and on the next 150 couple were tied together for better or for worse. The following is the wholesale mode in which the business is dispatched: The parties are arranged in couples of twelve; when the time arrives for slipping the ring on the fingers of the brides, the word of command is given, and the bridegrooms are seen busily feeling in their pockets for the symbol of endless affection; the women are then requested to repeat the words of the minister, which they, 'nothing loth, never fail to do; then the men are requested to follow the example, and their gallantry prompts them to immediate obedience. The clergyman can thus dispatch about fifty couple per hour.

Extraordinary piece of good fortune.—Brunswick, Feb. 21.—Some time ago, a packet charged very heavy postage was received here by a man in indigent circumstances, named Lefebvre. He was not able to pay the postage, and his son, to whom it was afterwards offered, was on the point of refusing it, when a fellow workman of the latter named Gille, said, 'One cannot tell what good fortune it may bring; I will advance the postage for you.' The package was opened, the astonishment of the poor man may be conceived when he read a decree of a French court of police, informing him that his father Lefebvre was the sole heir of Marshal Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic, and that he had only to come and receive the eight millions of francs (£320,000) left by his industrious relative.

NIAGARA RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—Books of subscription to the capital stock of the Niagara River Suspension Bridge association, are now open at the Frontier House in Lewiston.—We publish the report and estimate of JAMES HALL, Esq., civil engineer, who, in addition to the possession of scientific attainments necessary to qualify him to judge with correctness, has had considerable experience in similar works in Europe. It is proposed to locate the Bridge about the present ferry at Lewiston, from the first prominent bluff, approaching the mountain, to a corresponding bluff on the Canada side at Queenston. We copy the report, omitting the minute estimates inasmuch as what follows, contains the aggregate. It will be seen that the entire cost of the work, upon one plan proposed is estimated at \$131,518 40; and upon another plan, \$93,561 40. These plans, as we are advised, differ in no material point, except that the most expensive one will add additional strength, while in the opinion of the engineer and others, who have investigated the subject, a safe bridge could be constructed upon the lesser estimate. In addition to the report of the engineer, and his confidence in the practicability of the undertaking, a correspondence which has been had with gentlemen acquainted with the subject, induces favorable conclusions. *Niagara Democrat.*

CULTIVATION OF THE SILK WORM.

We are pleased to observe that the attention of some of our citizens has been called to this useful branch of industry. SEYMOUR SCOVELL, Esq., Lewiston, has reared this season, as an experiment, 100,000 worms; and the Hon. Bates Cooke has also a considerable number. They have not the Chinese mulberry sufficiently matured to supply food for their worms, and are obliged to use the black or indigenous mulberry, which grows along near the base of the mountain ridge. Their worms appear in a healthy condition, and are most of them matured, and forming their cocoons. The experiments in New England, and some of the western states, especially Kentucky, have been attended with much success, and those who have made them are just turning their attention to the subject, as a permanent business. Manufactories are already established in some of the New England states, where the cocoons will find a ready market. The soil and climate of our country is well adapted to the growth of the mulberry, as experiments have already tested. We presume that the gentlemen above named will cheerfully furnish information, and such facilities as they possess, to those of our citizens who are disposed to embark in the business.—*Id.*

REPORT

Relative to a Suspension Bridge at Lewiston, over Niagara River.

By measurement it appears that Niagara River, at the most favorable situation for a work of this nature, is 597 feet wide at the water surface.

That the extreme width between the superincumbent banks is 940 feet.

The points selected for the base of suspending towers is 125 feet above present surface of river, and the chord between the points of suspension has been placed and estimated at 1000 feet.

Both towers will be firmly placed upon solid freestone rock, and will be raised 91 feet above the roadway, thereby to form a proper curve for the catenary of equal pressure.

No situation can be better adapted for a work of the proposed nature. Stone, of the best and most durable quality is found at the base of the towers. Lime may be prepared upon the spot, and sand procured by boats or sews from a short distance.

By the estimate No. 1, it is designed to have eight main cables, as a suspending power—width of roadway 29 feet, comprehending a direct and reverse carriage way, each 12 feet in width, with a foot way of 5 feet in the centre.

The weight of suspending chains will be 336 tons, composed upon the transverse section of 32 separate bars of iron, each link 9 feet 9 inches in length by 1 to 3 inches width and depth, equal to 90 solid inches of iron.

The lateral adhesion of these united bars will sustain a force before fracture of 2400 tons; reduce this one third to 1600 tons as the minimum, strength of united cables, then

Less their weight, 836 tons,

" Suspension rods, 38 "

Hand rail and diagonal braces, 93 "

Road way and planking, 2388 "

Solid feet, 60 lbs. per ft. 72 "

512 "

The equal weight to be sustained besides the ordinary transit of the bridge.

Now the greatest strain that can be placed upon the roadway is cattle. A yoke of oxen will occupy 40 feet, and weigh 2000 lbs. or one ton; total perches of bridge covered with oxen will give 700 tons; this, added to 512 tons, weight of bridge, will be 1242 tons, or less by 335 tons than the minimum load that the bridge will sustain.

The suspending rods, 500 in number, an inch square will sustain a weight equal to 600 tons, including their own weight.

The total expense, according to detailed estimate No. 1, is

According to estimate No. 2, 93,511 40

Including the first report it may be necessary to remark that sufficient experiments have been made under my inspection, by the late Mr. Telford, for suspension spans of similar and larger dimensions, 1200 feet; and the opinion of that Engineer was confirmed as to the practicability.

(Signed) JAMES HALL, Engineer.

June 6th, 1836.

Neamaltha, the captive chief.—We referred to this personage a few days ago, and promised to give some account of his capture. We will premise that no Indian, living or dead, ever cherished feelings of deeper hate for the white man than Neamaltha. The Seminole strife was in exact accordance with his feelings. These had been often outraged, and he resolved now on revenge. He could never have dreamed of vanquishing the power of the white man. He knew that too well. He had been in the states and to Washington, and having an eye to scan what he saw, must have seen that there was no hope of triumph over this power; but there was a joyful prospect of a sweet revenge. Prompted by this feeling, he resolved on stirring up the Creeks, and kindling in them the fire of War. Upon this question Indians are always ignitable. War is the Indian's congenial spirit. Jim Henry, a congenial and Neamaltha indulged all his hopes, and the prospect was fair for the shedding of much blood. In pursuit of this object, he had planned the war, and was engaged in its execution, when the command under General Jessup, receiving tidings of his position, prepared to capture him. He was on his pony, and about five miles from his town, which is on south side of the Creek nation, when a trail that it was supposed he would take, in his march was investigated, and he was surrounded, and taken down either side for a considerable distance. Neamaltha's fortune was on his side: he took the upper trail, and was proceeding in safety, when he was met by some friendly Indians—(friendly to our side.) They entrapped him. On meeting this warrior they said, pointing ahead—'White men on this trail.' Neamaltha paused, and looking them in the faces with his searching eyes, questioned the truth of what they had said. Assuming a show of indifference they moved on saying if he did not choose to believe them, they had no more to say—they had done their duty. At this moment Neamaltha's fortune forsook him—when he turned and took the other trail. Passing the guards on either side they closed in upon his rear, and rising in front demanded his surrender. He looked, paused, decided; he clapped spurs to his horse, but as he proceeded, new bodies of men rose to his view, when presently he was met in front, and being thus surrounded, surrendered. With his countenance unchanged, except into fiercer expression of defiance, he demanded to be shot. 'Shoot me,' said the indignant Chief; 'Shoot me—I am old; I shall lose but a small piece of life—but spare my son—what he has done has been at my bidding—spare him, but kill me—I have no wish to live. I tell you now, I am the enemy of the white man—have always been his enemy, and will ever remain his enemy. His life was spared—and the purpose mercifully formed to send him west.

We annex the official report by General Evans of the attack by the Carlists on his lines near Sebastain, June, 5th. The dispatch is dated on the 5th:

'It is with the greatest pleasure that I have the honour to announce to your Excellency that the enemy, having been reinforced by seven

al battalions from Navarre and Castile, made an attack this morning before day break upon all our advance posts at St. Sebastian and Passages; but were repulsed and driven back at every point with great loss. The battle commenced at half past two in the morning, and the firing did not cease till between 11 and 12. The attack upon our troops, posted on the left of the Urumea, under Brigadier General Shaw, was repelled so warmly that it was not renewed. A little before day, three detachments of a demi-company of 3d and 9th English regiments, were driven back in the space of ten minutes to the right of our centre.—These three detachments however, soon recovered their positions under the direction of their brave leaders, Lieutenant Colonels Church and Cannon. Thus the positions of our advanced posts were taken and retaken, and this occurred sometimes to several of them.

The attack was nevertheless sustained with perseverance against the position of Alza on our left, where were stationed Brigadier General Chichester with his brigade, as well as on the left of the position of Colonel Van Halen, consisting of two battalions of the 2nd Spanish Light Infantry, and a battalion from Saragossa, supported by the battalion of Royal English Marines under Major Owen, whose brilliant and imposing attitude merits particular notice. No attack was directed against the post held by Colonel Arcoz. The fire of the guns and rockets from the ships and forts, commanded by Lord John Hay, Admiral Ribera, and Commander Ribera, made great ravages among the ranks of the enemy opposed to our left. The inaction of the main body of the army of Her Majesty at Vittoria, and which according to appearances, will continue for some time, afforded the enemy an opportunity for directing all his force against us, and induces me to think it not prudent to follow up the defeat left by the enemy on the field of battle, that his loss greatly exceeds that which he experienced on the 5th of May; ours does not go beyond 200 men. For some days desertion has manifested itself in the enemy's ranks; to day 25 Carlists have come over with their arms. I cannot signalize too much to your excellency the powerful & generous assistance afforded us by Lord John Hay, with his Britannic Majesty's naval force on this coast. I cannot but express my gratitude to Brigadier General Jauregui, commander of the English and Spanish Regiments of the centre, against which the enemy so often misdirected in his attempts at attack, for his courage, sangfroid and skill. I also owe much to the bravery of General Chichester, as well as to the happy manner in which he conducted the defence of the position of Alza which was attacked with so much obstinacy.

LACY EVANS.

The Sentinel des Pyrenees of the 17th from a supplement from which we extract the above report, adds—'The enemy had 13 battalions at the attack of the Anglo-Spanish lines; it was particularly upon the position of Alza, which was the weakest, that the action was the warmest and most felt. It is asserted that 200 wounded have entered St. Sebastian. We learn from Catalonia that the Chief Burgos has been captured with 30 of his men, and is to be shot.'

HALIFAX.

The Express Packet, Lieutenant Croke, arrived the 9th inst, from Falmouth, June 4. On her passage, she fell in with several ice bergs, and on the 7th inst., lat. 43 13, long. 61 20 saw two of them, supposed aground, in 45 fathoms water; they appeared at least 170 feet high, and were S W, 90 miles from Sable Island. The Express experienced severe gales from W S W to W N W, on the passage.

Halifax, July 9.—The crews of the brig Dove and schr. Anastasia, while fishing in St. George's Bay, Newfoundland, on the 1st June were interrupted by a party of forty Frenchmen, armed with guns, belonging to a brig named Le Furieux, A. Banlett, master, of St. Malo. They seized two boats and a seine; one of the boats was deeply laden with fish, and R. Downey, master the brig, and Martin Flemming, of the schr., whom they detained some time, were in the other attending the seine. Mr. Peter M'Phee, a part owner of the Dove, immediately proceeded to ascertain the cause of such proceeding. M. Banlett informed him that British subjects had no right to fish in that bay or on the coast, asserting that he had a commission from the French Government to prevent them from taking fish on any part of the shore from Cape Ray to Cape John, and that, from the same authority, he individually held an exclusive grant, which cost him 10,000 francs, to seine fishing in the Bay of St. George.

At Harbor Le Bear, Magdalen Islands, the net moorings of the schr. Mary were taken away by two of an American vessel's crew, who declared that if any more nets were set by the Mary's crew, except in a place where no herrings could be obtained, they would cut them away. This depredation occurred on the 26th May. There were about ten sail of British vessels, and upwards of eighty American, in the harbor at the time.

The Dove, Anastasia, and Mary, were fitted out by Mr. Handley, and in consequence of these molestations have been unfortunately compelled to return with very incomplete cargoes.

A letter from Mr. J. L. Nolan, to the Dublin Packet, states that the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Swayne, recently a clergyman in the Romish Church, to Protestantism, and that he is about to become a Missionary preacher in the latter faith. Another communication in the same paper from a Mr. Crotty, who signs himself a Catholic priest, states that on Sunday the 5th inst., at Birr, the ceremony of the mass was performed in English! The letter, which is a curiosity, coming from such a quarter, is as follows:—'We have glorious news to communicate to the friends of pure religion, which we trust will be hailed as the dawn of brighter and happier days for Ireland. On this day we have celebrated the ceremony of mass in the vernacular tongue. The people were highly edified and delighted; and as they left the chapel the priests for having so long kept us in the

dark. We never heard a mass until this day! It may be right to mention that we have reformed the Roman missal, and expunged exceptional passages, such as prayers to saints and for the dead, with many other parts of the canon. We have also changed the substance of the mass. In the church of Rome it is offered as a sacrifice for propitiating sin; but we offer it as it was offered by all the early fathers of the church, 'in commemoration of the death and passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in thanksgiving for all the favors and blessings we have obtained through the merits of the same Jesus Christ our Lord.' It may be right also to mention that we have expunged the ceremony of the elevation, together with all the nonsensical mummeries & cross-crosses of the Romish mass. Our intention is not to form a new religion, but to retrench the vanities and superadditions of men, and revive the old religion of Jesus Christ.—*Dublin Journal.*

We copy the following from a Paris paper under date of

Constantinople, May 11.—A melancholy event, and one which may produce very serious consequences, has thrown our capital, usually so quiet into a great excitement. As Mr. Churchill, an English merchant, was amusing himself with shooting in the neighborhood of the city, when, unfortunately some shot from his gun, struck the leg of a Turkish child, who immediately began to make the most dreadful outcry. The father of the wounded boy, and some of his friends, drawn by his shrieks, seized on Mr. Churchill and dragged him before the Cadi, who, on his own private authority, caused the bastinado on the soles of the feet, to be administered to him. This punishment is generally reserved for slaves, or delinquent Greeks. At the close of this first audience of Turkish justice, so cruelly severe, Mr. Churchill was borne, rather than led, before the Reis Effendi, and then, by a formal order of the Sultan to whom the matter had been referred, he was loaded with irons and thrown into prison, in company with the most infamous criminals.

The English ambassador, on learning what had passed, hastened to demand the immediate liberation of Mr. Churchill, which was refused. The minister at the same time signified to the Turkish minister that if in 24 hours he did not receive satisfaction, he would break off all communication with the Turkish government. It cannot be foretold how this affair may terminate. It is sufficient if it not amicably settled, to overturn suddenly the hopes which have recently been formed of the continuance of the tranquillity of Europe.

A later French paper gives some further details from their Constantinople correspondent, respecting this affair, and adds from the London Times the following paragraph:—

'Lord Ponsonby, in his last official address to the Porte, an answer to which was looked for with much anxiety, demands that some person should be indicated with whom he can confer on business relative to English subjects, as he is unwilling to have any further communication with the minister of foreign affairs.'

Nothing has been talked of in OGDENSBURG and its neighbourhood for some months past, but the great lead mines uncovered in the course of last winter. The value of the stock has increased in the most rapid manner, as the following short history will show. Mr. T. Nash, who was the first person to find and trace out the course of the metal, succeeded in obtaining from the proprietor of the ground where it lies, a lease for ten years, for the first five years of which no rent is paid, and for the last five, the trifling sum of 3s. 9d. Halifax payable ton of ore actually excavated. Mr. Nash is unable to work the mine himself, Mr. Nash sold a great portion of his interest in the for sums varying from \$200 and upwards per sixteenth share. He now only retains three sixteenths, which are valued at \$25,000 each. A sale of one sixteenth belonging to another proprietor, was effected at that sum on Thursday last. The lease itself, which commences on 1st January next, is valued at \$400,000. Rapid as has been the rise in the price of shares, several of the principal merchants in OGDENSBURG think they are still much under their real value. During the present season and until the lease commences, the proprietor only permits the leaseholders to excavate 500 tons of ore. About 200 tons have been already obtained and sent to New York, where, upon analysis by the most experienced chemists, it was found to contain as nearly as possible eighty five per cent of pure metal the cost of excavation and transport to market is about \$15 per ton, and the price obtained \$50, equal to 331-3 per cent. The place where the metal is found is situated thirty miles from OGDENSBURG, in a rugged and broken country running East and West; the veins are lodged perpendicularly in granite rocks, are about two feet thick near the surface, but increase in width as they descend. They are supposed to be of great extent. In the neighborhood small quantities of silver have been obtained, and iron is very plentiful.

When the proprietor entered into the lease he was of course entirely ignorant of the value of the mines.—*Mont. Gaz.*

At a dinner recently given in New York in honor of Texas, one Paxton of Vir-

POETRY.

The Nursing of true Love.

Lapt on Cythera's golden sands,
When first true love was born on earth,
Long was the doubt what fostering hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First, Hebe claim'd the sweet employ,
Her cup—her thornless flower—she said
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks, and changeful mind of youth;
Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd;
Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth.

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own;
But Prudence disallowed her right,
She deem'd her Iris plinius shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given,
And well with Hope the cherub thrived;
Till Innocence came down from Heaven,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love.

Pleasure, a fury in her spite,
When all press'd to her she found,
Vow'd cruel vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
When pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
Tired Innocence to Slumber's pow'r
One moment bow'd her virgin head.

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child
Her toys and sugar'd poisons press'd
Drunk with new joy, he sigh'd—he smil'd—
And true Love died on Pleasure's breast.

From the Atlas.

THE FIRST & THE LAST DINNER.

[In the well-wrought and highly interesting composition that we here condense from the London Magazine, a correspondent gives a valuable and striking lesson. Thousands who might pass heedlessly over a sober essay designed to inculcate the same reflections, will have them irresistibly impressed on their minds by such a picture as is here spread before them. Its most affecting display, and darkest shades, may all be found in the realities of life.—*American Masonic Record.*]

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connexions, & other local interest, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine, alternately, at each other's houses on the first and last day of the year; that the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner should be re-corked and put away; to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should meet, and so on, and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the first time he so dined alone, lest it should be only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and, in the first glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations, was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment—that of the hopeless wight who was destined to uncork the first bottle at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into; and as their pleasure yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their first and last feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They waned in conjectures of what changes time would operate; joked each other upon their appearance when they should meet—some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout—others poking about with purblind eyes, which even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison—some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning, for the death of a great-grand-daughter or a great-grand-son.

As for you, George, exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother in law, 'I expect I shall see you as dry, withered, and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!' and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any, at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother in law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along—but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and, startling as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was returned, but in a faint gurgling voice, and the exclamation 'Oh God! I struck upon their ears. In an instant, two or three, who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of

them was within an arm's length of Fortescue—he saw him—he was struggling and buffeting the water; before he could be reached, he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom—but the tide must have drifted the body onwards, for it could not be found!

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and, having procured the necessary apparatus, they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse of above an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation, but in vain; and they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fulness of health, of spirits, and of life! Amid their severer grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle!

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue; eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, six on one side, and only five on the other forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influence of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prospective gaiety.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous offerings to the manes of poor George Fortescue, as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potatoes of fine old hock, and 'capital maderia,' they had ceased to discover any thing so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

[The rest of the evening passed off very pleasantly in conversation, good humored enjoyment and conviviality, and it was not till towards twelve o'clock that 'poor George Fortescue' was again remembered.]

They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other upon instituting so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening, when they were to celebrate the new year, whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of good claret, as the watchman bawled 'past twelve o'clock!' beneath the window.

They met accordingly, and their gaiety was without any alloy or draw back. It was only the first time of their assembling, after the death of 'poor George Fortescue,' that made the recollection of it painful: for, though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table as if eleven had been their original number, and as if all were there that had been expected to be there.

It is thus in every thing. The first time a man enters a prison—the first book an author writes—the first painting an artist executes—the first battle a general wins—nay, the first time a rogue is hanged—for a rotten rope may provide a second performance, even of that ceremony, with all its singleness of character—differ inconceivably from their first repetition. There is a charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight, inseparable from the first experience, (hanging always excepted, be it remembered,) which no art or circumstance can impart to the second. And it is the same in all the darker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and anguish in the first assaults of sorrow, which is never found afterwards. In every case, it is simply that the first fine edge of our feelings has been taken off, and that it can never be restored.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged! Yes! Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange which passed into his hands for £700, passed out of it for £1700; he, having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it. The forgery was discovered—brought home to Rowland—and though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty, poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Every body pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a gambler; he was not a speculator; but phrenology settled it. The organ of *acquisitiveness* was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg. He could not help it.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which perva-

ded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme: and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight.

* * * * * Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled—two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm maderia carried it against hock, claret, and burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favour—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand bags—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. The rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woolen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking canes, to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife—a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter—a fourth was carried off in a few days by cholera morbus—a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a year—ten minutes afterwards he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of Exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared) to celebrate for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year; to observe the frolic compact, which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond! Eight were in their graves! Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh;) and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of their past as it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them—and their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; two could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the last dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had uncorked, re-corked, and which he was then to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the 'frail memorial' of a youthful vow; and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all. Their lusty and blithesome spring—their bright and fervid summer—their ripe and temperate autumn—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood, whose source was in his own); and as he drained the glass which he had filled, 'to the memory of those who were gone,' the tears slow-

ly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the last dinner!

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

Communications must be addressed to JAMES MOIR FERRIS, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

STANDARD AGENTS,

W. Brent, Quebec.
Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Elihu Crossett, St. Armand.
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.
Galloway Freligh, Bedford.
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Henry Boright, Sutton.
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.
Henry Wilson, La Cole.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.
Nathan Hale, Troy.
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.
Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

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January 12 1836.

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THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says: 'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union'; the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836, says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable reading matter than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore, of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing a quarto edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

THE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pennell Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for 500 dollars premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

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In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canal, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Atlas, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps.)

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